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allowed to graze on what appeared to be good grass growing on the fields which had lain uncultivated for two or three years. It was remarked that these northern cattle would pine away and die, and on examination of the interior of the animal large tangled masses of grass were found obstructing the intestines.

After a smart ride of about 12 miles I found myself at the residence of my guide, who took the opportunity of revisiting his family on our return home. Feeling myself rather unwell I was quite indifferent to this arrangement, as I knew I was within easy distance of Tien-tsin, to which I was anxious to return.

I was much struck at the cold greeting of the family on the guide's arrival; the expression "have come" (*lai leou*) was said by the mother, and the same repeated by the son. The weather feeling very cold, and being rather unwell, the family made me as comfortable as possible, and managed a warm bath for me, so that I was able to move on my journey the next day by reclining on my bed in the cart. The road soon turned on to the embankment already alluded to, only on this occasion it continued more along its course till near the ferry over the western river.

On entering Tien-tsin I found the narrow streets crowded as usual, and what struck me as strange was the frequent collections of men, women, and children, eagerly looking through stereoscopes exhibited by strolling showmen at the rate of one cash for seeing each slide. This was a strange evidence of the rapid progress of Western civilization.

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#### XIV.—*Notes on Eastern Persia and Western Beluchistan.*

By Colonel F. J. GOLDSMID, C.B., F.R.G.S.

EARLY in 1863 I had the honour of submitting to the Royal Geographical Society some notes of an exploration, made during the previous year, along the coast of Eastern Beluchistan, a tract of country comprised between 62° and 67° E. longitude, and little known to Europeans. I had proceeded from Kurachi westward, with a view of arranging for a coast-line of telegraph; but circumstances prevented me from continuing the route beyond the port of Gwádur, and the orders of Government necessitated my return thence to India. The close of 1863, however, was favourable to a resumption of the deferred journey, and in December of that year I found myself engaged in an enquiry which promised to supply new information of interest on the







western shores of Mekran, or that portion of Beluchistan situated between  $56^{\circ}$  and  $62^{\circ}$  E.

It so happened, however, that at this particular period the late lamented Colonel Patrick Stewart was about to lay the telegraph cable in the Persian Gulf. Telegraphic communication with India had not become a *fait accompli*, as at present, and was looked forward to as an object of primary importance. Instructions to accompany the telegraph expedition took me away from the Mekran coast; and personal acquaintance with the scene of intended exploration became limited, on this occasion, to a hurried unceremonious visit to Choubar and Gwettur, small ports west of Gwádur. A brief description of these places is given, to supply what might otherwise appear a wanting link in an overland journey from the Caspian to Kurachi, of which the completion would be shown by making the paper read in 1863 a sequel to the present.

On the 4th February, 1864, I took leave of some pleasant companions in H.M. steamer *Victoria*, then lying off the Mekran coast, in quest of soundings for the cable, and, between three and four in the morning, dropped into a native fishing-boat to make my way to Choubar, distant from 25 to 30 miles. We reached it at about 9 A.M.

Our boat's crew were twelve in all, including myself and servant, with Háji Abdu, an old acquaintance whom I had hired as a guide at Gwádur. Our appearance was, therefore, not very imposing, and, when the landing was effected, my suite was reduced to a single individual, the Háji. We were received by a Muscat Khwoja, and an Arab of the Wáli's retinue, escorted to the town, and presented to the Chief himself, who sat awaiting us by the gate of his fort. A number of people crowded around, the usual salutations were made, the usual questions asked and replied to, and I entered upon business. A certain reserve, which I had seemed to notice in the first instance, gradually wore away, and nothing could be more friendly than the advanced stage of our meeting, which was finally dissolved by the introduction of halwa and coffee. The next process was to take me to a garden where halwa was re-introduced, and I had no resource but to add to it figs, walnuts, and cocoanuts. Here we stayed for some time, in pleasant conversation, the Wáli's son and the Khwoja acting hosts with true Arab gusto and hospitality. The latter, in addition to his native Arabic, spoke Hindustani and Persian readily, and was a man of more knowledge of the world than might have been looked for in this particular locality. He farmed the Choubar revenues from the Imaum for a fixed yearly sum.

The village of Choubar is situated on a sand hillock in a small

bay of irregular shape, formed by the two points, Rás Tiz, north, and Rás Choubar, south. The latter, though quite insignificant in height, is audibly acknowledged by the impetuous rush of water around it, and marks the eastern entrance of the large bay whose name it bears. It is placed by Horsburgh in latitude  $25^{\circ} 16' N.$  and longitude  $60^{\circ} 35' E.$  The same authority calls the bay of Choubar "one of the best on the coast;" but the further statement that the town itself is "the best on the coast," is certainly not supported by the *primâ facie* impressions of a personal inspection. The fort may be larger than that of Gwádur, but is only remarkable from its contrast to the mat-huts around it, and, if found among other mud-buildings, would attract no more attention than any ordinary village structure or enclosure. The huts are perhaps a little more compact than the huts at Gwádur; but these last having been hurriedly put up since the fire of November, are now seen to disadvantage. There are certainly more trees in Choubar, and there is something more like garden cultivation. The cocoanut, olive, and mango were conspicuous, and yet not alone; and it was refreshing to see the familiar well, waterbag, and watercourse, however primitive. I observed little which seemed to require especial note. Perhaps the mausoleum of Peer Hyder at the point, and the Khwoja's shrine north of the town, are as remarkable objects as any.

The population is but small. The number of houses has been given to me as 225, and I should compute roughly their inhabitants at about 900, although the Bunnya's statement, as follows, is not so liberal:—

	Houses.	Occupants.
Méds .. .. .	30	80
Bozdars! { .. .. .	40	80
Kedjis .. .. .	30	85
Tizis and others .. .. .	40	100
Shiris .. .. .	40	100
Khwojas .. .. .	10	30
Bunnyas .. .. .	5	15
Hamalis .. .. .	30	70
Total .. .. .	225	560

The Wali, or Governor, Rashid, has his ten Arab attendants; but the protection of the place is left to others. The yearly sum for which the revenues are farmed is said, on good authority, to be 6000 rupees. Its disposition is important, as showing the relations of the Imaum and his Mekrani neighbours:—

Rupees	900 to Din Mahomed of Bahu, for protective purposes.
"	200 to Mir Abdullah of Gaih, for ditto ditto.
"	1,000 to the Wali in charge.
"	3,850 Balance, to the Imaum, after defraying cost of establishment, incidental expenditure, &c.

Ghee, cotton, wool, goat's-hair, mat-bags, moong, and jowari, are brought in from the interior, a levy of 5 per cent. being exacted on export. A very recent rise of  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. is shown in this account. Imports from Gaih, Bint, and Kussurkund pay  $1\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.; but no charge is made from those of Báhu Dustyari. Rice, dates, and wheat, come in for purely local consumption.

I procured a boat for the *Victoria*, and tried to purchase some half-dozen sheep to send in her, but none were to be had except at a day's notice. In a day they could get me as many as I pleased. From all I could gather, it appeared that an ample supply of provisions might be thus obtained at any time; but a short previous intimation was always necessary. Báhu is a good and convenient depôt. According to Kinnier, it is distant 22 miles from Choubar, and on the direct road from thence to Kedje. The same authority, quoting from Lieutenant Grant, places Gaih at about 80 miles, but in a line more directly north than Báhu, which is to the eastward. Its position was pointed out to me by a boatman when we sighted the bold picturesque hills north of Choubar Bay. He also showed me the salt-yielding hill of Páreg: but Lieutenant Grant's "Neem Khor," at its foot, he would only recognise as the "Namek" or "Nimek Khor," or Salt River.

Tiz, the ancient "Tiza," is divided from the low sand hillocks of Choubar by a range of hills, in height about 400 or 500 feet, through which there is a road to the village. There is little left to mark its former importance. Doubtless its prosperity rested much upon a river which, wherever it rose, issued out to the sea at the spot now known as Kenj Khor. Not a boat was, however, to be seen; in fact, there was no bunder or landing-place, but a shallow anchorage, necessitating the use of canoes to those who were not inclined to wade some 300 or 400 yards in the water. The Persians have a strong desire to revive this port, and are supposed to be building a fort there. I had intended to land, and took a guide accordingly from Choubar; but on rounding Rás Tiz I found the village so distant, the shore so deserted of inhabitants, and the ascent of the hills a matter of so much time, that I contented myself with a reconnaissance from the boat, and moved off to sea again.

Night set in soon after we had passed the Choubar headland and got clear of the bay. The *Victoria* lay at anchor in the distance, but we did not speak her. In the early morning we were at Rás Bris, near to which the Choubar territory is said to extend. Bris is a repetition of the Mekran cliff, visible at the Malan, and all along the coast. It has a long seafront of several miles of crumbling but smooth sandstone, whitish in colour, but



capped by a flat, thick, regular brown crust. It has also a bluff irregular cape, giving a sheltered nook to fishing-boats on the west, and a smaller projection to the east. To the traveller from west to east this is followed by low hills of loose white sand, with, for the most part, a good beach. A long hill, called Drammoke, and one of different shape, called Prichuk, are succeeded by Cape Farsa and Farsa Island, the entrance of the large Gwettur Bay, on the westward. On the sea face of the cliffs, near the extremity of the Cape, is a spring of sweet water, much used by kafilas and passengers to and fro. About here, too, I saw to the southward, distinctly but far beyond hailing distance, the three steamers, *Coromandel*, *Zenobia*, *Semiramis*, on their way with two sailing ships from Gwadur to Mussendom, successfully dropping the cable which was to form part of the great electric chain of communication—it may be, too, of civilisation—between England and India.

Gwettur is a poor village of about 70 mat-houses and 250 inhabitants. It is situated near the north-west corner of the bay of the same name, hidden to the south-west by the rocky projections which separate it from the beach behind Cape Farsa. I arrived at about 3 P.M. on the 5th February, landed, and after looking about me, sat down for a time with the respectable old men who are hereditary heads of the community. Háji Morád, Bussole, and Mithano, are as patriarchs in this cluster of hovels. They received Háji Abdú, my guide, as an old acquaintance: my own reception was as cordial and friendly as could have been expected. One of the three brothers spoke Persian and Hindoostani fluently, so we had no difficulty in becoming mutually intelligible.

Háji Morad pays 400 rupees per annum as farmer of the Gwettur revenues. But there is scarcely a bunnya in the town, nor a shop or storehouse. The inhabitants are called Mèds, Durzádas, and Raises. The fisheries may be considered to be the only true source of revenue, and I noticed some boats in the mouth of the little Gwettur River below the village. Some also were sailing about the bay. No wish was apparent to conceal from me the politics of the country. While sitting together in conclave on the mat outside their door, the old men spoke to me with freedom, and heedless of the many listeners grouped around us. The village was both dirty and desolate, and my stay there was not prolonged.

From Gwettur we made a splendid run across the bay. Its northern shores are remarkable for the Báhu River, traced in the distance by dark lines of mangrove, the Derembole Hill, and the Dusht Khor, situated between the Derembole and Jevui.



Passing Ghunse and Pishkan during the night, we reached the gun-boat *Clyde* at Gwádur at an early hour on the morning of the 6th February.

Deferring, for a future occasion, the narrative of some weeks spent among the Arabs on the opposite shores of the Gulf, and at Fáo (or Fava) near the mouth of the Shatt ul Arab, a month at Baghdad, an overland journey from Baghdad to Izmid, on the sea of Marmora, a residence of some months in Turkey, and a journey from London to Teheran, *viâ* Russia and the Caspian, I will now come to the past winter. At this period, after an experience of four months at the Persian capital, I was preparing to return to India by a route little frequented by Europeans — but one which I had long contemplated taking, should opportunity offer, to enable me to complete my reports on Beluchistan, and supply the requisite information west of Choubar. I could now attempt to reach that port from the Persian side, and with the knowledge and consent of the Persian Government. A route for the Indian telegraph was required in that direction as an alternative to the submarine cable, and no such route could be determined without sure and personal knowledge of the country to be traversed.

I was fortunate in obtaining, as a companion for the greater part of this journey, Major Murdoch Smith, of the Royal Engineers, an officer who had done good service in restoring many valuable antiquarian relics both in Asia Minor and on the north coast of Africa. His labours in the last-named locality have resulted in the beautiful collection of Cyrene monuments now exhibited at the British Museum, which will, it is hoped, become better known when better accommodated. It was arranged that we were to proceed together as far as Kirman, and thence to take separate routes—he to Bunder Abbas and the coast, and I to Bampur and the interior of Mekran.

We left Teheran on the 4th December, 1865, meaning to make our way to Ispahan; about 260 miles, as quickly as possible. So much has been said and written about “Chappur” rides in Persia, and this particular section of the country has been so often and so well described, that I will not dwell upon the part of our journey performed with post-horses. But travellers require an amount of patience and tenacity of purpose for these things far beyond the scope of what is usually considered “roughing.” It is all very well to imagine oneself galloping along at the rate of 10 miles an hour in a fine bracing climate, pulling up at a post-house, and dining and sleeping as well, through hunger and health combined, as at the Mirabeau or Clarendon; but there is another feature in the picture which should not be forgotten.

You ride with your kit, or a great portion of it; you are not actually compelled, it is true, to carry books, bedding, and beer, yet are they very acceptable accompaniments when the ride is over, and worth a little temporary additional inconvenience; but there are other articles which climate and circumstances render indispensable, and these are not favourable to speed or comfort, especially when the rider is rather heavily attired in respect of cap, coat, corderoys, and boots. Then it is to be borne in mind that the horses are not necessarily fast because used for posting. Some move along heavily and lazily from first to last; some require great tact and effort to be brought into action at all; and some have actually no go in them. Nor is it uncommon for the "Chupper" horseman to get a cropper. He should avoid all sudden rises in the road, because the descent is dangerous to the "Chupper" horse in motion; and this course, difficult at all times, is at night impossible. My comrade and I rode animals of all kinds, but were, upon the whole, fortunate. Indeed, our last day's ride took us about 60 miles into Julfa, the Armenian suburb of Ispahan, by mid-day, or in time for breakfast.

At Ispahan we were detained about a week, and thence commenced our march, by comparatively easy stages, to the eastward. Accompanied by five Persian servants, we had not much to apprehend as regards physical wants or privations, at least within the limits of acknowledged Persian territory. However merciless in extortion and determined in falsehood, the Persian servant, in his own country, displays a surprising amount of zeal, energy, and activity in his Feringhi master's cause. He ignores all prejudice—knows no difficulty of service: it is only when he finds himself among strangers who cannot appreciate his authority, that his heart fails him, and he sinks to the level of ordinary humanity. Among those who now attended us, one, a "pahlivan," or wrestler, was a fine specimen of his countrymen, most assuredly the handsomest of all Oriental races.

Major Smith's Diary is part of the Government Records, which will, I doubt not, be made available for general reference. My own will be placed at the disposal of the Royal Geographical Society. Availing myself occasionally of the former, I will now briefly describe the route from Ispahan to Kerman, and any remarkable features or places in it.

"The road from Ispahan to Yezd consists of three natural divisions. 1st, 50 miles or nearly so in an easterly direction, over the flat plain of Ispahan; 2nd, 30 miles in the same direction over hilly ground, the continuation, evidently, of the great range of hills that passes by Koom, Kashan, Kohrood, and Natenz; and 3rd, 120 miles in a south-easterly direction over an off-shoot of the great plain of Khorasan. Coming from Teheran to Yezd by Ispahan, one is consequently obliged to cross the Kohrood range twice, first at

Kohrood itself, where the hills are high and rocky, and frequently impassable from snow in winter, and secondly 50 miles to the eastward of Ispahan, where they are much lower and less precipitous; whereas the direct road from Teheran by Kashan and Nain is over one continuous plain."

We made out the distance to Yezd in ten marches. The weather was for the most part favourable, but at times bitterly cold. Cultivation is sparse and uncertain, population scant, and traffic of no great account, though continuous. There are signs of life and agricultural activity as Yezd is approached along the Kashan road. At Maibut, where we passed our Christmas, the soil is good for building and pottery. I bought some samples of the latter, which resembled the common Indian "kúza," or earthenware water-jug. In this neighbourhood are clusters of large villages, such as Ardekoh, Bafroh, Ahmedabad, Sarfabad, Turkabad. The view of the hills on either side here becomes worthy of note. On our right they are but a few miles distant, and we open out a new and picturesque range as we advance. On the left they are separated from our road by a desert plain, some 50 miles in breadth. Sloping upward from a low valley like the bed of a river, they rise gradually on the further side into regions of snow. I never saw scenery of this kind to greater advantage than when watching the higher of these mountains an hour or two before sunset, as we entered Maibút. The clouds had cleared off from the crest, and left it to stand out in exquisite relief on a soft Persian blue sky; but below the crest was a belt of dark cloud like Saturn's ring. The base of all the hills, again, was more or less covered with mist and snow. The effect was grand; and, as the sun got lower, a lurid red glare fell upon the scene, which varied it agreeably.

The fine solid caravanserais of Shah Abbas on this road are remarkable structures. Their use to merchants, pilgrims, travellers, and wayfarers generally, is, indeed, great, and as architectural monuments they are worthy of any age or country. In contrast to these noble works of an enlightened monarch are the many ruins resulting from the invasion of Mahmoud the Afghan.

Yezd is a large town or city, situated in a sandy plain, high and open, between two ranges of mountains, running from north-west to south-east, as a general direction. To the westward is the open country from Kashan: eastward, an apparent desert, dividing Yezd from Seistan, and little traversed by man or beast. On the south the mountains can boast of peaks towering to some 7000 feet above the plain: sharp, bold, rugged, and fantastic; tipped, tinged, or covered with snow, according to nature or position; presenting at all times a beautiful view, and worthy of

more notice than a faint line, or a blank in our best of maps. Yezd may have about 40,000 inhabitants, of whom 3500 are Ghebirs or Parsis, and 1500 Jews and non-Mahomedans. There are 17 Hindus only; but this number is sufficient to show that toleration is practised to some extent, without respect of race or creed. Silk is here manufactured, the raw material being obtained in the neighbouring villages; but it is probably inferior to that of Ghilan. It is an article of export, as also henna, dyes, cotton, and nummuds (felt carpets). Wheat is imported, although cultivated in patches around and near the town. The streets are wretched and blank, like those of most Persian towns, but not especially dirty. There must be about fifty mosques, of which the Juma Musjid has a fine high frontage, overlaid with the pretty blue tiles so common at Teheran. The supply of water is precarious, and depends on the season. If snow or rain be plentiful it is well for the inhabitants; otherwise there must be scarcity. The merchants of Yezd seem to be an enlightened and enterprising class. We made the acquaintance of their chief, called the "Mullik u Tujjar," a very fine old man, with an aquiline nose and sharp twinkling eye, wearing a large becoming turban. They informed us that their dealings were not confined to Bombay and India, but extended to the Mauritius, Batavia, and China. I quote some passages from Major Smith:

"The greater part of the town is built outside the city wall, and the Governor lives in a separate fortified enclosure of his own. As in almost every town in Persia, ruins are superabundant. The inhabitants account for this, first by the Affghan invasion nearly 150 years ago, and more recently by the rebellion of one of its Governors, whose history is perhaps sufficiently interesting to be shortly related.

"During the reign of Fath Ali Shah, in the beginning of the present century, Yezd was governed by one of his numerous sons, Mohamed Wali Mirza, who, in course of years, had amassed an unusually large fortune, even for a prince. Called, probably on this account, to Teheran by his father, he left his government, his harem, and his money in charge of his Vizier Mirza Abdul Rezak, who, during the absence of the Prince took possession for himself of all that had been entrusted to him, raised an army, and became Yaghi or rebellious. The Shahzadeh on his return from Teheran being refused entrance, brought a force and besieged the city. After a long defence, during which the city was almost destroyed, Abdul Rezak was forced to flee, first to Kirman and then to Meshed, where he took *bust* or sanctuary in the sacred shrine of the Imam Reza. Here, of course, he might have remained in safety, but he was induced by Abbas Mirza, the heir apparent to the throne, to leave his refuge and throw himself at the feet of the King. Disregarding the promises of forgiveness held forth by his son, the Shah ordered the wretched Vizier to be given over to the vengeance of the harem he had dishonoured; when the women, armed with bodkins and scissors, speedily put him to an ignominious death.

"Nothing could exceed the civility with which we were treated by the Governor, Mahomed Khan, General Adjutant (as he is called) of Persia. On



approaching the city we were received with an Istikhbal, or reception, by a large party of horsemen and soldiers headed by the Governor's steward, whom he had appointed our Mehmandar or host. More soldiers and ferrashes were sent to escort us through the bazaars, which were crowded with people to see the strange Feringhees. The house assigned us for a residence was the palace of the very Mahomed Wali Mirza whom I have already mentioned. Here we were entertained during our stay in Yezd by our Mehmandar as the guests of the Governor. We called on the latter twice, and found, not a little to our astonishment, that he spoke French, and had visited almost every capital in Europe. When tea was brought in he remarked that, as Englishmen, we would no doubt prefer beer, and a bottle of 'Allsopp's pale ale' was immediately set before us.

"The distance from Yezd to Kerman is 240 miles of good level road over a continuation of the same plain as that between Yezd and Kashan. About half-way the road turns from a south-easterly to an easterly direction, the last three stages being on the road from Kerman common both to Yezd and Shiraz. The greater part of the way the country is perfectly barren and desert, although great improvements have of late years been made by the present Vizier of Kerman Mahomed Ismail Khan, better known by his title of Wakil-ul-Mulk. He has built caravanserais and made reservoirs of fresh water in the places where they were most wanted, and has encouraged others to follow his example."

Of the twelve stages into which the road was divided, the first, Mahomedabad, is a long street of low houses, with a row of mulberry-trees on either side, and many watercourses. There are gardens around, and the country is well cultivated. Judging from the number of spectators assembled to stare at us (and every available man, woman, and child, must have been turned out), the inhabitants should not be much less than 1000. Our host to-day was the son of a noted Yezd official, styled the Nazim u Tujjar. He was a respectable, portly youth, and entertained us in the usual hospitable manner. Some notion of the dinner, when we chanced to be received as guests at a Persian's house, may be gathered from the following bill of fare, which I find carefully recorded:—Rice in profusion, and well boiled; fowl stewed with prunes; minced meat; the same fried into flat cakes; pigeons and game birds swimming in grease; chickens roasted to chips, salt and dry; scraps of good cheese with herbs; and excellent fruit. On one or two occasions we had soup, which would have been good if warm. Few large towns in Persia but can furnish drinkable wine, and trays of sweetmeats in variety and profusion are seldom wanting. At Yezd I counted no less than twenty-three plates in the antechamber; while the apples, pears, oranges, and pomegranates, might be reckoned by hundreds.

"*Sir-i-Yezd*," our second stage, is the boundary village of the Yezd district. It has a good caravanserai, and the ruins with the background of hills are picturesque. "*Zainu Din*" is but

a caravanserai and post-house; the first a solid hexagon of burnt brick, well fortified, and almost luxuriously constructed for public convenience. It is of the time of Shah Abbas, but the dilapidations do not appear to be the result of age. Assaulted by Bukhtiaris, and possibly other robber or hostile tribes, its strength has prevented more than partial injury, and it might still be turned to account for the defensive purposes of which its thoroughly isolated position is suggestive. "*Kirmanshahán*" is much the same as Zainu Din, only the caravanserai is a new building. The next place, "*Shems*," is even more desolate than the two preceding stages. Its post-house had been broken into not many months before our visit by the Bukhtiaris, and was doorless and empty; but we found tolerable shelter in an old fort. "*Anar*" is rather a picturesque village in the distance, and quite an oasis in respect of cultivation and the necessities of life. "*Beyaz*" has about twenty houses, an avenue of trees, and a new caravanserai. "*Kushkuh*" may be recommended for its excellent bread and water. The ninth stage, "*Bahramabad*," is the centre of a comparatively flourishing group of villages, and shows signs of progress and prosperity. Wheat, cotton, and castor-oil, are abundant. It may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of the effect of the late commercial crisis upon these out-of-the-way parts, that the price of cotton had gone down about 70 per cent. on its value a few months before our visit. "*Kebuter Khan*" and "*Baghin*" are respectable villages in their way, but need no particular mention. The next stage is "*Kirman*;" regarding which, and the road in, I will again quote from Major Smith's Diary:—

"Somewhat to our astonishment we found Baghin actually to the southward of Kirman, which quite accounts for the mistake made in the maps. In most of them the roads to Shiraz and Yezd are marked as quite distinct, whereas, for the first three stages, they are one, and only separate at or near Kebuter Khan. The maps have evidently been drawn from verbal report, as the three names of Baghin, Robat, and Kebuter Khan, with slight variations of spelling, occur on both roads. Four or five miles from Baghin, the road, after a gradual ascent, rounds the point of the Dawiran range from which it descends into the plain of Kerman, leading to the city in an E.N.E. direction.

"Three or four miles from the town we were met as at Yezd by an Istikhbal sent by the Vizier, the Wakil-ul-Mulk. A comfortable house was assigned us next to his own, and a Mehmandar appointed to attend to all our wants.

"Kirman is situated in an extensive plain, but in the immediate vicinity of very lofty mountains. The climate is said to be excellent, neither very cold in winter nor hot in summer. Its height above the level of the sea I should estimate at about 5000 feet. The city in many places is a mass of ruins, caused, I believe, by the civil war on the accession of Agha Mahomed Khan, the first of the Kajar dynasty. Kirman, like many other places in the south

of Persia, followed the fortunes of Lutf Ali Khan, the representative of the Zend family. After a gallant defence, Kerman was taken and almost destroyed by Agha Mohamed Khan, into whose hands Lutf Ali Khan also soon after fell not far from Bam. Much has, however, been done within the last seven years by the Wakil-ul-Mulk to restore the city. The walls have been repaired, new gates have been built, and inside the town bazars and caravanserais are in course of erection. On the southern side of the town is the Ark or citadel, in which the Governor resides. It forms a complete enceinte in itself, although the inner wall of the Ark is also the city wall.

"During the four days we remained at Kerman, we went to see the carpet and shawl factories. The carpets are the finest in Persia, and the shawls are considered next in value to those of Cashmere. Both are made entirely by hand, without the use of even a shuttle. In making the carpets, the threads (all of one colour) forming the length of the web are stretched on an upright loom consisting of two horizontal rollers. The cross coloured threads that form the pattern are worked in by as many small boys as the breadth of the web will allow to squat in front of the loom. As the work progresses the web is gradually rolled up on the lower roller. After two or three rows have been worked, wide-teethed combs are inserted in the woof and hammered down with a mallet to make the carpet close and firm. The master-weaver draws and colours the designs on paper, ruled to represent the different threads; after which he teaches the pattern to the pupils, who commit it to memory. The shawls are woven in a similar manner, almost the only difference being that the looms, or rather frames, are horizontal instead of upright. The memory of the workmen cannot possibly be assisted by seeing the pattern develop itself, as they always work with the reverse side of the web upwards. The kharkhanehs or workshops in which the weaving is carried on, are such low dark miserable rooms that one cannot but wonder that they should produce such beautiful manufactures. The shawls vary in price from 5 to 50 tomans (rs. 230), and fine carpets cost as much as from 4 to 10 tomans the square yard. Very few of the finer sort are made for sale in the bazars, almost all being made to order for grandees in all parts of the kingdom. As in the matter of Koork, the Wakil-ul-Mulk does a good deal of 'tidjaret' on the same principle in shawls and carpets. The spinning and dyeing of the wool for the carpets and the koork for the shawls are also carried on in Kerman, which thus produces the raw material and completes its manufacture.

"The external trade of Kerman is much less than that of Yezd. The chief exports are Koork (which is sent by Bunder Abbas and Kurrachee to Cashmere), wool, carpets, and shawls, cotton to Bombay, and grain to Yezd, which does not produce enough for the support of the inhabitants. The imports are chiefly cotton goods, sugar, copper, &c., from India. Once or twice a year caravans come from Seistan and Kandahar.

"There are few gardens near the town, but abundance of fruit is brought from Khubbes, a beluk or district 15 farsakhs (60 miles) to the north-east; wrongly marked on the maps as 15 days' journey.

"A mile or two to the east of the city is the ancient Gueber stronghold called Kaleh Dokhter, or the maiden fort, built on a high rock. We were unable from want of time to visit it."

My fellow-traveller and I were to part company at Kirman; but the good old minister, to whom we thought best to trust our travelling arrangements, decided that we should proceed together yet further to the eastward, separating at Sabristan. The distance so traversed was about 100 miles, divided into five

stages. The first day took us to "*Mahún*," a populous village with many gardens, situated at the foot of hills. This place is famous for the shrine of a Mahomedan saint named Nyámút Ulláh, whose prophecies were much talked of in India before the outbreak of the Mutiny.\* Our second stage was "*Hánaka*," a dreary caravanserai amid snow-covered hills, a continuation of the Jufár range, running south-east of Kirman. The next stage, "*Ráyún*," was reached after a march of 26 miles; 16 of these over snow-hills, and 10 across a stony plain, in which, however, a decent road had been made by the Zábít of Rayun for some distance out of his village. This is a large, populous place, and has many fine trees, such as the sycamore and walnut. Heavy snow detained us for a day here, after which we moved on a long stage over a large, open, gravelly, and slightly undulating plain, between the never-ending hills, to "*Tah-rud*," literally the "bottom of the mountain stream." From Tah-rud we proceeded over rough, broken ground for a few miles, till we reached a fair road leading into "*Sabristan*," where was a caravanserai.

On the morning of the 21st January, Major Smith left me to make the best of his way to Bunder Abbas. I may here mention that he performed the journey within a fortnight, reckoning the distance at 270 miles. Deep snow, mountain torrents, and heavy rain, presented obstacles to his progress in a rugged and difficult country. He speaks in high terms of the kindness and courtesy of the Governor of Jiroft. This chief is a grandson of the old king Futteh Ali Shah, whose descendants are scattered in almost every part of Persia, filling offices of every description.

At Bunder Abbas Major Smith was joined by Mr. Vice-Consul Johnston from Bussora. They went in the steamer to Jashk, where they landed, and examined the coast up to Sooruf, a distance of  $67\frac{1}{2}$  miles—described as a "flat, uninteresting, and generally desert strip, varying in width from 1 to 15 miles, between a range of hills and the sea." At one place, however, a low sandstone spur of this range crosses the path, "which passes through a gap at an elevation of about 40 or 50 feet from the level of the plain." They also landed and conversed with the inhabitants at Tenk, an insignificant port between Sooruf and Choubar.

To revert now to my own route. But five or six stages remained, and I should be out of Persia Proper, and entering Beluchistan. My suite consisted of Hashim Bey, the attendant

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\* The tomb is of marble, and the room in which it is seen is well set off by a beautiful carpet, made at the manufactory of Ustad Hussein, whom we had visited at Kirman.



deputed by the Wazir of Kirman to escort me to Bam, two Persian servants, one of whom was the Pahlivan before mentioned, the muleteer, and a small boy who sat in a most elevated position on a well-packed white pony. A few extracts from my Diary will, perhaps, give the best account of the journey (see Tables at end of article).

In briefly reviewing the geographical results of the journey so imperfectly put before this Society, I would call attention to the useful work of Khanikoff, published some five years ago in Paris, under the title of '*Mémoire sur la Partie Méridionale de l'Asie Centrale.*' The map attached to this volume is the true correction, though incomplete continuation of the Eastern Persia of English travellers in the commencement of the present century. My companion and I were ignorant of its existence as we journeyed along through Kirman; and Major Smith's remark on the position of the capital of that province entirely agrees with that of the Russian authority. We thought to find it nearly south, or at least south-east, of "Baghin," our eleventh stage from Yezd, and it was rather to the north of east. With the exception of Stanford's quite recent map of Asia, I know of none of our own, or the German maps, in which the same error is not found. The fact is, that the city of Kirman is very much more to the eastward, and less to the southward of Yezd than supposed, and the mistake has originated in the fact that the route from Kirman to Yezd, and that from Kirman to Shiraz, detailed in Kinnier's compilation, are one and the same for 40 miles, as shown by Major Smith, if not very much farther; the first running N.N.W., or N. and by W., the second almost due west.

M. Khanikoff gives Mr. Abbott credit for having, by his journey of 1840, corrected the great error of making Khubbes a central point in the road between Kirman and Herat, and placing it at a short distance of three days from the former town. We were told at Kirman that it was about 50 miles off, and recommended to visit it on our way to Bam, as being the centre of a flourishing district. Though Pottinger mentions that it is in latitude  $32^{\circ} 20'$ , his map shows it in  $31^{\circ} 45'$ ; but it is rather in  $30^{\circ} 20'$ . In like manner Yezd and Kirman are out of their proper positions, singly and relatively; as will be seen on reference to Khanikoff. I allude to this particular circumstance, not because we do not owe much, nay, almost everything, to Pottinger, for what we have known of Eastern Persia and Beluchistan, but because his map has been usually accepted in all its detail, and much of it was filled in from hearsay and native reports. Below Kirman M. Khanikoff does not proceed; nor

did, I believe, Mr. Abbott, to whom he honourably refers, go eastward of Bam. In moving from Regan to Bampur, I had the advantage of passing along a track different from that marked in Pottinger's map; and again, in finding my way from Bampur to the sea, I had a like advantage in being, for the most part, on a hitherto unexplored path. The new names of places and lines of route to be added to information already acquired may not be of very general importance, but they can, at least, be vouched for as true; for I have seldom attempted to determine a locality not actually visited. For many reasons it is not easy to make minute surveys or take particular observations in these countries; but I would hope that, as we become more acquainted with them and their inhabitants, we shall be able to obtain for Mekran and the upper regions of Beluchistan all the attention they require in these respects. Thus would the telegraph be productive of results perhaps just as important to us as rapid communication with friends and fellow-labourers in the East: and in this light I think that all will admit that the land line has greater advantages than the sub-marine cable, even though the last pursue its marvellous course hundreds of miles away in the depths of the unexplored ocean.

REPORT OF A JOURNEY FROM SABRISTAN, S.E. OF KIRMAN, TO CHOURAN, ON THE COAST OF BELUCHISTAN; VIA BAMPUR  
AND THE PASS OF FANOOH.

Date, 1866.	Stage for the Day.	Estimated Distance in Miles.	General Direction.	NARRATIVE; AND PARTICULARS OF ROUTE.
Jan. 21st	Darzin .. ..	18	E. by S.	Ground hard, gravelly, and tolerably level. Water abundant. Darzin was once a large town, and is celebrated as being the place where Firamorz, son of Rustum, was executed. It now consists of a modern caravanserai, erected within the last three years by the Wakil-ul-Mulk, minister of Kirman, and one or two other buildings on a smaller scale but much in the same style of architecture. A few widely-scattered ruins are all that remains of former days.
22nd, 23rd	Bam .. ..	17	E. by N.	Road good, over hard, gravelly plain, as yesterday; at first about E.S.E., then nearly E.N.E. About 13 miles, a large earthy-looking village of domes, on left, called Bahdirun; on right, a kind of caravanserai, known as "Haji Askir." The town of Bam, a name corrupted from "Bahman," its founder, is situated on a large and somewhat elevated plain between a range of snow-capped mountains at a considerable distance to the south, and low rocky hills a few miles off to the north. The old city, now the fort, is a mass of ruins, but the walls are in a good state of preservation, and the citadel, with its lofty white tower, is a picturesque and striking object. Pottinger observes that until the expulsion of the Afghans, this was held to be the frontier town of Persia on the south-east. His description is now sixty years old, and he speaks of the ruins as testifying to the existence of a much larger place. Since he wrote, it has been the scene of an international struggle, which, added to an earthquake, resulted in the almost utter destruction of the town within the walls. Nearly thirty years ago the Commander of the Shah's army besieged there, the well known Agha Khan Mahiati, then a rebellious Governor of Kirman. The fort was held for more than a year against the royal troops. The shot-marks in the walls prove that the matter was in earnest, but the capitulation appears to have been peaceably effected. It is now satisfactory to see that the more modern town, such as it is, can be built independently of fortifications. Estimating the houses to be about 2500, and the population 10,000, I should say that not one-twentieth part of the inhabitants live within the walls. Indeed, it seems to me that no residents are allowed there but the garrison and families, with a few vendors. Through the

kindness of the Governor of Kirman, who gave me an order in his own handwriting to the Commandant, I was admitted to an inspection of the fort, a really interesting illustration of Oriental architecture. Pottinger mentions but one gate. That one is doubtless the same as that by which I entered, and leads by the main street and bazaar to the citadel. I am informed that there are two other means of ingress and egress, but saw one gate only. There is a large irregular ditch outside, in conformity with the quadrangle, of which the extent would perhaps be 500 yards for each face. The citadel appears to be partially built upon natural rock, and is provided with a well of drinking water. I learn that there are two companies of infantry and a few artillery kept in garrison here. My impression is that these companies cannot be reckoned at their full strength, and that there may be twenty gunners. The towers were alive with red coats, and about fifteen artillerymen were drawn out, under a Naib or Lieutenant, to carry swords as we passed towards the citadel; but what description of ordnance, if any, was under the large white cloth thrown over the two gun-carriages, I cannot determine. The men were generally well dressed and smart-looking for Persian soldiers. An instance of smartness may be cited in the direct refusal of a sentry to admit me to the fort without a written order. It so happened that we had walked away from my lodging, without bringing the essential document. The sentry placed his musket horizontally across the half of the gateway which he could so protect, and his comrades filled up the other half. On my expressing approval of the man's conduct, one of our party came up and assured me that the "Yawur," or Major commanding the fort, was one of the finest officers in Persia, insinuating that the proof of discipline just witnessed was the result of his efficient supervision. I paid a visit of ceremony to this functionary. He was an unmistakable invalid, and had hobbled out to meet me at the citadel. There is a good deal of cultivation, and there are many enclosed gardens at Bam; and provisions of kinds are abundant. So far as I could judge, the inhabitants are in no way behind those of other large Persian towns in intelligence. Many trade or travel on the Indian road, but mostly *via* Bunder Abbas. I was recognised here by a follower of Mahomed Bakir, late of Kurrachee.

Our course is amid many scattered ruins, over an open plain, hard and gravelly; occasionally salt ground with tamarisk-jungle. At 3 miles Burawur, a set of date-plantations and small villages on either side the road. Last 3 miles E.S.E. Passed Gurgund at about 10 miles to S.S.W., and 5 miles further, Kruk, to south. Range of small irregular hills on left, and prolonged higher range on far right. Allahabad is a kind of fort, with court and out-buildings full of poor



REPORT OF A JOURNEY FROM SABISTAN, S.E. OF KIRMAN, TO CHOUBAR, &c.—*continued*.

Date, 1866.	Stage for the Day.	Estimated Distance in Miles.	General Direction.	NARRATIVE; AND PARTICULARS OF ROUTE.
Jan. 25th	Nahimabad ..	16	E.	<p>* cultivators or tenders of cattle, of all ages and both sexes; cultivation sparse, but not wholly wanting; water abundant.</p> <p>For the first mile and a half E.S.E., then turn up a broad nullah, over which looks the fort of Jemali, and proceed for 6 miles N.N.E. and N.E. to Azizabad, thence about 8½ miles to Nahimabad, E.S.E. and E. Arjuman is described as a village to the south-west. From Azizabad there is much jungle and cultivation. Pottinger's remark of "fine country, fertile and well cultivated," is applicable at the present time. There are very refreshing green wheat-fields, though in mere patches; and water is abundant. The Jemali nulla has a broad bed, thickly covered with high spear-grass. The hill of Basman forms a striking object in the distance, about E.S.E. Artillery horses kept at Azizabad, owing to plentiful forage. Country studded with forts and farms. Nahimabad is quite a populous village, but the space within the walls is insufficient. Much henna is here grown for export. Its small green leaf, pounded into a pale green powder, constitutes the well-known red dye used for staining fingers and nails. The berry is rubbed when dry in the palm of the hand, and throws out a fine seed, which is profusely scattered to produce crops. We have now fairly entered the "Garmsir," or hot climate, and the difference is very perceptible.</p>
26th, 27th	Regan ..	26	7 miles E.S.E. 19 S.E. by E.	<p>About 7 miles, Burj-i-Maäs, and date-trees near water, with a ruin on a hillock. Up to this point tamarisk and kohr jungle, though not so thick as yesterday. The last is evidently the "kunda" or thorn-tree of Sind. Afterwards descend to a vast open plain, hard and gravelly, with wild and widely-scattered vegetation. No water for about 9 miles, when soil becomes more sandy and prolific of wild products* and the ground less level. Regan is quite a small village, and, owing to the low jungle, is imperceptible till approached closely. A Persian detachment of infantry and guns, under command of the Sirheng (Lieutenant-Colonel) Ali Murteza, son of the minister of Kirman, is encamped here, and I am met by the Yawur or Major of Infantry. On alighting and reaching the quarters assigned me, a messenger from the Sirheng proposes an interview; and it is agreed that I am to receive the first visit. The Sirheng</p>

comes accordingly, accompanied by Farjullah Khan, Governor of Bam, and Mirza Mehdi, an officer of engineers. In the evening I returned the call at the tent, and met there, among others, Ibrahim Khan, Chief of Bampur. The Sirheng has a jovial and good-humoured face, and frank, easy manners, reminding me at once of his father. The Chief of Bampur is a square-bull, thick-set man, of perhaps fifty or sixty, whose well-dyed and silky beard renders doubtful an estimate of age. He talks a kind of Frontier Persian, which is to me rather difficult of comprehension. Having sent me a message, to the effect that I must return from Bampur to Bunder Abbas, if the Choubar route were found impracticable, I spoke to him on the subject. He told me that Shâi Abdullâh, Chief of Sirhez and Kaskund, in Mekran, had been lately murdered, and that his son, Din Mahomed, having proved rebellious, there had been bloodshed; but he could not now say what was the state of affairs, for he had been four months absent from his head-quarters. This Ibrahim Khan is the man who threatened interference with our Mekran land-line telegraph about three years ago, and is said to have himself come down with troops near to Gwâdur, and killed there one Shahdada, Beluch, with others against whom he professed to have cause of complaint. His conduct occasioned a remonstrance to be addressed to the Persian Government through Her Majesty's minister, but the matter dropped after a short correspondence. I said if it were really contemplated that I were to go to Bunder Abbas, it would be better for me to go there at once, and abandon the visit to Bampur; but seeing that this notion was likely to meet with too ready approval, I changed my tone, and said I would go on as before intended, at all events, taking my chance as to further progress. The day after my arrival at Regan, the Persian camp moved. A man named Thamasp Kuli, employed by Ibrahim Khan of Bampur in a kind of frontier police, and who, in late years, distinguished himself in action against the Beluchis at the fort of Erfshan, is sent to escort me from this place on the morrow: for I am detained a day to procure camels and mules. It is decided that I am not to accompany the camp, as the Sirheng proceeds by the upper road, which it is not desirable I should follow, and has, moreover, some work which may detain him. I halt a day accordingly at Regan.

After about 7 miles the jungle ceases, and road becomes stony. At 10 miles further enter the hills; another 4 miles bring us to the hot springs which give a name to this halting-place. They are indicated by clouds of smoke rising

S.S.E.  
&  
S. by E.

21

Ab-i-garm ..

28th

\* Among others, those known as "Ak" and "Bou" in Sind.

REPORT OF A JOURNEY FROM SABRISTAN, S.E. OF KIRMAN, TO CHOURAR, &c.—*continued*.

Date, 1866.	Stage for the Day.	Estimated Distance in Miles.	General Direction.	NARRATIVE; AND PARTICULARS OF ROUTE.
Jan. 29th	Saifu Din ..	21	S.S. by E. 10 E.S. E. & S.E. then E. by S.	<p>above the long grass with which the waters are choked. No village or house of any kind here, and but few traces of inhabitants. The rise is very slight on leaving the plain country. It is little more than becoming shut in by low, black, burnt-looking rocks, some sharp and angular, some like long walls with flat tops. Drinking-water procurable from hot springs. It is not tepid, but actually warm, almost hot, and when cooled is sweet and drinkable.</p> <p>Very stony for the most part, with occasional green and grassy plots, between low, black hills, some sharp and angular, some with long flat tops. The black rock is scattered about like coal broken up into small fragments. At 13 miles, "Chahi Kumber," where we were to have halted, but at my instance we moved on to a fine grassy plain with rain-water, and covered with flocks of sheep and goats. This is called Saifu Din; and the "Godur," or pass, of that name, opens out before us. Our object in pushing on is to avoid the rain, by which the mountain-torrents may come down in sufficient force to delay progress. Occasional ascents and descents in the day's march, but all are comparatively easy, notwithstanding the many loose stones. A few settlements of shepherds are about, but the want of population is undeniable. A Beluch guide told me that 150 soldiers had lately preceded us by this same route. They were on their way to Bampur.</p>
30th	Giran Reg ..	22	S.S.E.	<p>Road generally very stony. Follow the base of the hills in a north-easterly direction for a short distance, and turn south-east into the Pass. Ascent from plain not more than 700 feet, but steep enough to cause us to dismount. The black rocks are gloomy but picturesque. Here, regulated by the watershed, is the boundary of Narmashir, and commencement of the Bampur district. There is a fine view, on looking back, of the mountains south-west of Bam. The descent to the next plain is short and easy. Move across it in an amphitheatre of low hills for about 7 miles, and again reach rugged and stony ground. To s.s.w. are some curiously-shaped rocks, one especially, called "Mil-i-Perhad,"</p>

Cross and recross the Giran Reg River, encamping finally on its eastern side, and E.S.E. of the hill known as "Takht-i-Nadir." Ground stony, but many patches of sand and gravel with tamarisk-jungle, wild oleander, and much desert vegetation. Water here and there in the bed of "Rudkhana," which is rather a mountain-torrent than a river. No sign of habitation.

At first follow the course of the Rudkhana over stony and difficult road, the track being sometimes quite lost. At 5 miles two streams meet it from E. or N.E., but we turn, or rather keep to the S.S.E. At 12 miles, after some rough marching, "Sir Naran," a halting-place, with fresh-looking streams falling over huge flat stones; water slightly brackish. At Giran Bega, see many shepherds and flocks. Encamp in a kind of rocky recess like the bed of a torrent, full of tamarisk and oleander.

After 10 miles, passing "Chori Buzun" and black Iliat tents, reach the Rudkhana of Khosrin. Another 9 miles Rudkhana Zol or Sol, and single Bêr-tree. Another 8 miles the tamarisks of "Luddi." Road at first very stony, but improves at Khosrin, where we emerge from the hills into a more open country, and meet one or two small Kafilas. On leaving Khosrin, come upon a large, high, stony plain, which slopes gradually downwards, and improves as it becomes lower; vegetation being less sparse and more healthy. Luddi is in quite a forest of tamarisk and thorn trees, some of fair size and appearance. Wild caper also recognised. Had some trouble in finding rain-water, but a supply pointed out to us by a shepherd's boy. Flocks here numerous, and good grazing for camels. The day's encampment is cheering compared to the dreary and desolate hard, black hills left behind. The poor Beluch shepherds here, though rough outward specimens, seem civil and well disposed. Rain at night.

To-day's encampment much like yesterday's, among tamarisk-trees and on sandy soil. There is no want of grazing for herds and flocks; and from what I can learn, rain is pretty regular here at this season. The Basman Hill seen from Regan to the eastward, now stands out N.E. by N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N. Its shape and snowy crest make it a picturesque object.

Giran Bega ..

20

S.

Luddi ..

27

S.S.E.

Kalanzaoo ..

14

S.S.E.

REPORT OF A JOURNEY FROM SABRISTAN, S.E. OF KIRMAN, TO CHOUBAR, &c.—*continued*.

Date, 1866.	Stage for the Day.	Estimated Distance in Miles.	General Direction.	NARRATIVE, AND PARTICULARS OF ROUTE.
Feb. 3rd	Chahi Shor .. Chahi Jellal.	22	E.	I mention both names, for the first appears in the German map of Handtke and Leo. There is now no well there, so we moved on about a mile further, and halted at one indicated by our guide. The water, however, was so putrid that we could not drink it. Better was shortly found in the vicinity. Jungle not so thick as before, and soil more sandy. No pools of rain-water visible, as at Luddi and Kalanza.
4th, 5th	Kúch Girdan ..	25	E.S.E.	For 3 miles our course was observed to be E.N.E. We lost our path; and our guide, instead of seeking to regain it, started off to find an upper road, which we were to have reached at a later period in the day's march. This upper road is that taken by the troops, who are reported to have been yesterday at Kuch Girdan. We reach it after some 7 miles, and see distinctly the track of men and cattle. At 4 miles further a well; but we passed also two or three at intervals. Another 14 miles bring us to our halting-place among fine large tamarisks near a Rudkhana, which, if not the "Bampur" River of the map, is a branch of it. The detachment had left this morning and were to-day at Cassimabad, 9 miles from Bampur. Thamas? Kuli writes to Ibrahim Khan, announcing our arrival thus far. Some of our camels failed in coming up to-night. Roads heavy. The country is still the same vast plain between mountains. The ranges to the north are probably 150 miles distant from those to the south, and beyond the latter is Mekran, entered only at certain passes: all difficult. Observed to-day fine specimens of the "Kirrif," or wild caper. Compelled to halt on the 5th. Towards morning a damp mist rose with a high wind, which lasted the whole day. Our missing camels came up late, less one, reported to have died. Beluch cultivators here have been transplanted from Narmashir beyond the border. They are not a handsome race, have an African cast of feature, and talk semi-comprehensible Persian.
6th	Bampur .. ..	16	E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N.	Crossing the Bampur nullah on the way, proceeded about 7 miles to Cassimabad, a Beluch village with farm fort, the inhabitants of which look wild and wretched. The poor habitations, the ill-clothed men, dirty and dishevelled women, half-naked children and general squalor and ugliness of this dark-com-

plexioned race, recall to mind the squaws and wigwams of other climes. My own horse having a sore back, I was glad to avail myself of a good riding-camel sent out for me by the Sirheng, who had just marched into Bamapur. Halted for a few hours at Cassimabad in a neat and roomy hut, made of sundried bricks, mud, tamarisk-trees and like rude materials. Road sandy and heavy, through loose jungle.

According to the programme of my guide, who was in communication with Ibrahim Khan, I had to leave Cassimabad for Bamapur at about three o'clock p.m. Shortly before reaching the latter place, I was met by the Naib Suliman Khan, Mohim Khan a chief residing near Minab, and several followers. Many Beluch horsemen joined in the retinue, and the Persian troopers performed clever skirmishing exercises. A horse had been sent me by the Sirheng to replace the camel ridden in the morning. To save time, and avoid the discussion so important to Persians as to who pays the first visit, I rode at once into the camp and alighted at Murteza Ali's tent. He received me very cordially, and we were soon joined by Ibrahim Khan and others. Matters did not, at first, look promising for my journey to the coast. The Sirheng was evidently inclined to do all I asked. He knew that his father had meant well to us, and had, at his father's written request, asked to see a letter addressed to me by the old Wazir since leaving Kirman. This letter was in reply to one of my own, in reference to statements made by a certain Mirza Mahomed Ali, whose veracity I had reason to doubt, and was couched in terms of marked friendliness. But the young Sirheng was only the nominal head in the present case. Ibrahim Khan was the man to decide on the propriety, or otherwise, of my journey through Mekran to the sea; and I knew that Ibrahim Khan had formerly shown himself openly hostile to British interests at Gwadar. Still there was something I did not dislike in the chief of Bamapur. If a tyrant and a braggadocio, such a character was rather a development of the nation than individual; whereas plainness of speech and absence of compliment were characteristic of the man. And Ibrahim Khan was plain-spoken, and "unblest with set phrases." Suliman Khan had told me, as we rode in, that the country about Kaskund was in a disturbed state. I had heard the same story at Regan, and elsewhere, and the account was now confirmed. It was clear that I was not to go the direct route, either by Gaih or Kaskund, to Choubar. I suggested the road to the eastward, or to Sirbaz, in Persian Mekran, from whence I could proceed due south to Gwadar. Ibrahim Khan said he would send me there if I wished, but once across the Kej frontier, he could interfere no further. From all I could gather, he was not at feud with Faquir Mahomed of Kej, but he had no wish to enter into communication with him; nor could

REPORT OF A JOURNEY FROM SABRISTAN, S.E. OF KIRMAN, TO CHOUBAR, &c.—*continued*.

Date, 1866.	Stage for the Day.	Estimated Distance in Miles.	General Direction.	NARRATIVE; AND PARTICULARS OF ROUTE.
				<p>their relations together be particularly intimate. It occurred to me that going over to Faquir Mahomed against the wish of the Persian authorities, or, rather, at my own independent suggestion, might offend, if it did not excite suspicion,—so I said plainly, that provided I got to the sea-coast of Mekran, the route was immaterial. Ibrahim Khan then offered to send me to Tenk, a little fishing-village west of Choubar, where I could get boats to Muscat, and on this understanding I left the tent. Shortly after, an old Persian came to me from the chief, and with him I compromised the matter, arranging that we should take the Tenk road from Bampur, but turn off to Choubar before reaching the sea. This suited my purpose in two ways:—1st. It enabled me to ascertain how far Persian control was exercised in the country bordering closely upon Gaih and Kasrkund, under Mir Abdullah, the Beluch Governor of Mekran; and, 2ndly, it led me through the Pass of Fanoch, hitherto unexplored by any European.</p> <p>The next morning Ibrahim Khan visited me in person. In the afternoon I returned his call, and then I was visited by the Sirheng, accompanied by the engineer Mirza Mehdi and others, and revisited by Ibrahim Khan. The latter was usually silent and reserved in the presence of the Sirheng, and not very communicative at his own quarters, but had much to say in his own rough manner, if applied to in the way of business.</p> <p>The town of Bampur, independently of its Persian garrison, may contain from 400 to 500 houses. With the exception of Ibrahim Khan's house, and one or two other buildings, these are little better than Beluch huts. The fort is a conspicuous object, built on a long irregular low mound. The higher or northern side boasts the citadel, from which the walls run down in an irregular line from north to south. There are soldiers and guns within; but the Sirheng's detachment is encamped on the plain outside. I am located in a fine large garden of recent construction, walled in, and rich with date-trees. It has also a few ber-trees, and a specimen of the "sipastan." Provisions appear good and abundant, and water is procurable from the neighbouring nullah. There is much cultivation about Bampur itself and at Cassimabad.</p> <p>The guide sent to me by Ibrahim Khan is an old man of about threescore years, known as "Meshidi Abbas." He has been in the habit of taking goods to and</p>



fro between Bampur and the sea, has often been to Western India, and is comparatively enlightened. By his own account, he holds the appointment of Collector of Fanooh; and no doubt he is employed by the Bampur authorities in the collection of its revenue. Though I could have wished he had given me more reliable information on the names and status of the Beluch chiefs, and vilified the unfortunate Mekrans with less determination, I cannot but acknowledge his thorough loyalty to his own government and unflinching nationality. In spite of years, he is hardy and active, like most of his countrymen who earn their bread in the saddle.

After Cassimabad, to which place we returned before taking the road to the southward, the country to-day is liker a desert than any I have seen in these parts, yet no more meriting that designation than Sind, which it somewhat resembles. The sand-hills are, however, few and far between, and never succeed one another with the regularity of ocean waves, as between Rohri and Jesulmir. Halting-place beyond a range of these; but I could not find a trace of the well said to mark it. Ground here a little harder, and vegetation more generous than before.

I am unable to find that any English or European traveller has ever preceded me in the route now followed. Esfaca, mentioned by Grant, is to the south of our position of yesterday. To-day we leave it to eastward, after proceeding some 2½ miles south by east. At about 11 miles, came upon a village of Lashari Beluchis, near a well and low trees. We alighted in the immediate neighbourhood, and received a visit from them. Their curds, fresh butter, and dates were unexceptionable. At 5 miles further we came to some date-trees and a pool of water in high grass. Saw here a woman dyeing cloths. The dye is procured from the bark of the date-palm, mixed up with clay and water, and is almost black in colour. The sand-hills become less obstructive as we approach the Mekran Hills, and the road is tolerably good on harder ground.

Muskotu is a poor village with few inhabitants, but has, doubtless, seen better days. It is situated near a date-grove on the south bank of a large, broad, and now dry Rudkhana. Besides the usual Beluch huts, it has its mud-fort, and, indeed, a second one in ruins. I am told that not many years ago these two forts, which are close together, were at war; and each assailed the other with stones. It is probable that the sequel to the story would tell of Persian interference, and the removal of the more dangerous of the combatants; for Ibrahim Khan certainly destroyed one of the two forts. Small-pox, and, more recently,

Feb. 8th

Beluchan Chah

27

S.W.

9th

Muskotu .. ..

26

S.W. by W.  
¾ W.

REPORT OF A JOURNEY FROM SABRISTAN, S.E. OF KIRMAN, TO CHOUBAR, &c.—*continued*.

Date, 1866.	Stage for the Day.	Estimated Distance in Miles.	General Direction.	NARRATIVE; AND PARTICULARS OF ROUTE.
Feb. 10th	Fanoch .. ..	25	S.S.W. S.	<p>cholera, have contributed to the ruin of this village; but its position will probably prevent its total abandonment.</p> <p>Rain last night, but fine weather again to-day. Road hard and stony, or sandy and gravelly, intersected with many beds of streams and small ravines, and studded here and there with low black rocks or hillocks. About <math>7\frac{1}{2}</math> miles our road joins a second from Kalanzao, my stage of the 2nd instant, between which and Fanoch are three stages. At 18 miles a hillock, on which is a "Sungai," or square of low stone walls, throw up for defensive purposes. My old Persian guide informed me that the grandfather of a Beluch horseman who accompanied us, had here successfully resisted a foray of Shai Mehrab, the Bampur chief of Pottinger's time; but that the poor man was afterwards killed in a similar affair elsewhere. A mile further, a large Kudkhana, called Amini, with delicious water. This river rises here in the plains, after heavy rains, and winds into the pass of Fanoch; thence finding its way through Western Mekran to the sea at or near Kalig. Near Fanoch I observed on one side of our road some circular patches of light colour in the darker soil. These were explained to me as the "Pai Duldul-i-Ali" or footmarks of the horse of Ali. They may have been 3 or 4 feet in circumference, perhaps more.</p> <p>Fanoch is a comparatively large Beluch village in the plains north of the Mekran Hills, and close to a pass bearing the name which enters Mekran from the Persian district of Bampur. The fort is in ruins, and appears quite uninhabited. There are about 100 houses, and probably 500 inhabitants, nearly all of whom are slaves. A village called Ram, about 7 miles to westward, pays one-third of the revenue to the two-thirds of Fanoch, and the whole is received by a Persian collector. Chakur Nharui, grandson of Shai Mehrab, was, until lately, Nahi of Fanoch; but he has been removed to the more important post of Sirbaz. His little son remains at Fanoch, and was brought to see me. He is a well-looking boy of about ten years, precocious in manner, and evidently tutored in complete subservience to Persia. I gave him a silk scarf, of which he seemed proud, and immediately tied it round his head in token of appreciation. The date-trees here are in great profusion, and there is cultivation to some extent.</p>

11th	Benth	..	29	S.S.W. S. W.S.W. S.S.W. S. S. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W.	Enter the Fanoch Pass into Mekran, and move for some distance through a barren defile, with nearly perpendicular rocks on either side. But the road, however stony and rugged, was not so much an obstacle to our camels as the water, which in some parts was very deep, and had collected in occasional scarcely fordable pits. Nor was it always practicable to avoid these. At 16 miles, defile, which had been improving, widens to open space, with view of distant hills; these narrow and widen again. 9 miles further Dehan, not visible from road, owing to trees. About 2 miles from Dehan is the Benth Hill, at foot of which is the village. We left it to the right, and alighted near some scattered trees beyond. My guide stated that Dehan had been quite depopulated by the late cholera visitation, there being some 15 houses only left out of 150. I would hope that this was an exaggeration. At Benth about 500 persons are reported to have died. I spoke to a fine old Beluch on the subject, and learned from him that the disease had ceased to rage for the last 5 months. There is a fort here, the chief of which is quite a young man, son of Ahmed Khan, deceased. The village is populous, but I have no good authority on which to suppose a number. There should be no less than 2000. Our course to-day was almost wholly along or beside the bed of the Fanoch River, which now changes its name to Benth. We met an unusual number of Beluch men and women, all engaged in locust-hunting. They had come down the river several miles from Fanoch, to take advantage of an incursion of these creatures, which my Persian designated as at once a calamity and a benefit. The Beluchis boil and salt them.
12th	Gonz	..	46	S.S.E. S.E.	A long march of 12 hours to-day; of which the first 6 were spent in following the course of the Benth River, which again changes its name to Korandab, and unites with the Nasfran. The second half was for the most part over a wild rugged country, amid hills such as I had seen daily in Eastern Mekran, and with few traces of habitation or life of any kind. It is no uncommon thing in this land to march 20 or 30 miles without meeting a human being or even a quadruped; and to this assertion I can testify from experience on either side of Gwadar. Passed to-day a block of white stone, which had been scooped out at the top like an apothecary's mortar. It is resorted to by the Mekranis, because the powder from the stone is considered an infallible remedy for toothache. Passed also the "Pir Ali,"* or a rock cleft in twain by the prophet's son-in-law. Legends of Ali abound throughout Mekran. The marks of his foot or the wonders of his sword are described in all parts of the country. Amid a

\* "Tir Ali,"

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Date, 1866,	Stage for the Day.	Estimated Distance in Miles.	General Direction.	NARRATIVE; AND PARTICULARS OF ROUTE.
Feb. 13th	East of Tenk River.	28	S.E.E.	<p>population of Sunni Beluchis, the fact savours of prior Persian occupation. Choose some tamarisk-bushes in sandy soil within reach of rain-water, where to spread our bedding. The name recorded applies generally to the neighbouring tract.</p> <p>Start about 4 A.M., but before dawn lose our path in the rocky ground, and have to wait for sufficient light to resume marching. Fall in with a "Dowara," or moveable village of Beluchis at "Bir." They recognise my guide, flock round him, make him dismount, carry him off, and are apparently bent on entertaining him; but as we have a long march before us, I move on without awaiting his return. He soon reappears, attended by two Beluchis from the settlement. Descend into the bed of a mountain-torrent, and enter afterwards the broad bed of the Tenk River, remarkable for its high and steep banks. This we shortly abandon, and re-enter at a new point, then continuing to follow it for some miles. From the "Tenk" we strike off in an easterly direction across country. Long before midday, however, rain had set in, and up to nearly 3 in the afternoon we were working on under difficulties. Our intention had been to reach, if possible, the "Khor-i-kir," which it was feared would soon become impassable; but long before this obstacle was within easy distance, we were forced to dismount and bivouac for the night. The streams were coming down from the hills fast and furious in other quarters, and we were met by one which was sufficient to stop our progress. Rain till about 10 P.M., and shelter somewhat primitive. One of those many instances of popular superstition peculiar to the Beluchis was afforded in the march of to-day. We were passing the shrine of Shai, or Syud Harun, in the bed of the Tenk River, and two guides had accompanied us from Bir, to point out a by-path by which we could avoid a deep water-passage likely to detain us. Suddenly the guides stopped their camels and dismounted. One took in his hand a biscuit, turned to the right, and reverently placed his offering on the ground; the other advanced a few paces in the same direction, and made a solemn bow. Closely watching the quarter indicated by these movements, I saw a tree, which, though a tamarisk, looked almost Druidical, and quite picturesque; but Meshidi Abbas stated that the shrine was a well. He further informed me that no Beluch ever passes this</p>

place without laying there his offering, or would think of reclaiming any money or property accidentally dropped there; that if a traveller, halting there for the night, burns the wood and gives his cattle the fodder procurable on the spot, it is well with him; but if he should take the wood to burn elsewhere, it would be impossible to light it; or if he should cut and carry away the grass for consumption elsewhere, it would kill the animals which it was intended to nourish.

The 5 miles were not done, moreover, in one march, for we were informed before arrival at the Khor that it was not to be forded. Put up accordingly near a Beluch "dowara," and made a second move after mid-day. After reaching the bank of the Khor, we found the ground so soft and untenable, and the force of the current so strong, that we were obliged to abandon the attempt to cross to-day. This river comes down, it appears, from Gath, whereas the "Tenk" is from a point to the westward of that town. But the latter has by far the finer bed; nor did I see anything like its steep banks at the Khor-i-Kir.

Crossed the Khor. At 18 miles, Khor Sangam, coming from the hill of Beshimun, which was forded with comparative ease. Passed on the way some Beluch tombs within walls, in good preservation; also patches of cultivation: 16 miles further the sand-hills of Pareg, where there are a few huts. Country difficult to traverse in parts, from water. Road at one time among low hills and rocky ground; at another, over alluvial or sandy soil, and amid low, scattered jungle. From Pareg to the top of Tiz Hill, between Tiz and Choubar, is about 9 miles, and thence only 3 remain to the latter place. We had seen the smoke of a steamer to seaward, and were desirous of completing our journey, but night had set in, and the path was lost. Bivouacked therefore for the night on the heights above Choubar.

Descend the hill to Choubar, where I was received by the Wali and Ismael with much cordiality, and at once recognised as an old acquaintance. They accompanied us to the steamer, and we gave them a few trifling presents. Joined here by Major Smith, Lieutenant Stiffe, and Mr. Johnston, with whom I proceeded in the *Amberwitch* to Gwadar and Karachi.

E.

5

Khor-i-Kir ..

14th

S.E.

43

Tiz Hill ..

15th

S.

3

Choubar ..

15th

516

811

Total miles .. ..

Add from Teheran to Sabristan

1327

Total from Teheran ..